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And Record of the Volunteers of the United States.

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[NO. 12.]

For the United States Military Magazine.

An Authentic Anecdote of the Revolution.

In the action fought near Princeton, on the 3d of January, 1777, fell the Honorable Captain William Leslie, of His Majesty's 17th Regiment of foot, a younger son of the Earl of Leven, in Scotland. It is several years since, that a publication appeared, respecting a circumstance connected with the death of this young officer, which is now but little known. It was stated that a friend of the noble family of Leslie, (a name renowned in arts and arms for many centuries throughout Europe,) being desirous of erecting a monument to his memory, made many enquiries, with the view of ascertaining the spot where his remains repose. In the course of his investigations, he received a letter from a brother officer of Leslie, to whom he had written for information on the subject. This letter details a circumstance which is transcribed in the language of the writer, and it is one which cannot fail to be interesting to every one who esteems, magnanimity, generosity, and liberality;—it is deserving of a durable record in the annals of our revolutionary history and throws additional lustre on the character of that eminent man, the late Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia.

“On returning to the scene of action, (says the brother officer,) and missing the body of my friend, and enquiring of some of the wounded men lying near the place, what was become of the body of Leslie, they informed me that soon after we retreated, General Washington, with some gentlemen on horseback, came upon the field, and asked several questions of them as to what regiment had been engaged, and whose body it was, that was lying there. On being informed that it was that of the Hon. Captain Leslie, of the 17th Regiment, one of the gentlemen appeared much affected, and had it immediately lifted and put into a cart standing nigh, and carried it and the servant off with the American army. A few days after, we were informed (I believe by a flag of truce,) that the person who had done this was Doctor Rush, then Physician General to the American Army, who had, some years before that, attended the Medical Classes in Edinborough, where he had been treated with particular attention and kindness by the Earl of Leven and his family; and actuated by similar motives with yourself, carried off the body of the son, and when the army halted next day, at Pluckamen, had it buried with military honors. I was told afterwards, that Doctor Rush had caused a monument to be erected to his memory, and I have little doubt but that it still remains.”

On the receipt of this intelligence respecting the object of his solicitude, the individual, to whom the letter was addressed, lost no time in proceeding to Pluckamen, a sequestered village near Morristown, in New Jersey, where in a retired and rural spot, sacred to the reception of the dead, and free from the din of war and the strife of man, he discovered a handsome marble monument, bearing the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF THE

HON. CAPTAIN WILLIAM LESLIE,

Of the 17th British Regiment,

SON OF THE EARL OF LEVEN, IN SCOTLAND;

He fell January 3d, 1777, aged 26 years, at the Battle of Princeton.

HIS FRIEND,

Benjamin Rush, M. D., of Philadelphia,

**HATH CAUSED THIS STONE TO BE ERECTED, AS A MARK OF HIS ESTEEM FOR HIS WORTH, AND HIS
RESPECT FOR HIS NOBLE FAMILY.**

The work was already done. The individual referred to wisely conceiving that no monument he could erect, no honours he could pay, would be equal to those rendered by the spontaneous act of a generous foe—nothing remained, but the tribute of a grateful heart to the memory of the distinguished eulogist.

The benefits that have resulted from the labours of Dr. Benjamin Rush, in the cause of medical science, his genius, his philanthropy, his public and private acts of benevolence, his devotion to the cause of his country, recorded on the Declaration of Independence, are well known. But no act of this distinguished man better deserved the statue which the celebrated Dr. Zimmerman said was due to him, "not only from the citizens of Philadelphia, but from all humanity," than the act related above, dictated by the impulse of a grateful and generous heart, in tribute to the memory of an intimate friend, whose adverse cause did not obliterate the esteem that was felt for his private worth, and the remembrance that was cherished of his useful and valued friendship.

The individual by whom the foregoing narrative has been furnished, has recently been favoured with the perusal of several interesting original letters from the Earl of Leven, and other connections of Captain Leslie, to Dr. Rush, and which are now in the possession of his family. They comprise letters from the Earl of Leven and his lady, from his son, Lord Balgoney, and several from General Alexander Leslie, who at the period referred to, was the second in command of the British army in America. They are written under the influence of feelings of the warmest gratitude for the respect and attention shown by the Doctor to the remains of their deceased relative. Another letter which is also in the possession of the family of the late Dr. Rush, is deserving of particular notice. It is addressed by the Earl of Leven to the Doctor, and recommends his son to his particular care and attention, should he, by the fortune of war, become a prisoner to the Americans. This letter was found on the person of Captain Leslie, after his fall. H. P.

For the U. S. Military Magazine.

CONCORD—1775, by G. L. CURRY, of Boston.

Thou honored Village of an honored land,
We would in fancy thy fame-day restore,
Though Time and Custom may have passed their hand
Rudely o'er thy familiar face of yore;
Yet in thy story thou art, as before,
Still Glory's theme! New England's Marathon!
Where was first shed the proud Oppressor's gore,
When met by freemen in the darkling dun
Of bloody battle, where the strong in justice won.

'Tis break of day! but swifter than the light,
Hath spread the tidings of the coming foe;
And happy homes have armed for fearful fight
Their faithful few, and, blessing, bade them go:—
And from the hill top to the vale below
Starts the fierce form of strife; the peaceful plough
In the half finished furrow's left, for lo!
'Tis yeomanry have grasped war's weapons now,
Whose stubborn spirits only in dark death will bow.

'Tis noon! and treacherous tyranny is met!
The cloudy canopy of sulph'rous war
Is gilt by glory that shall never set,
But ceaseless joy on patriot spirits pour.
The groans of awful agony, that soar
Above the hoarse commotion of the fray,
Augmenting terror, the sturdy shout for
Liberty—the hireling curse at once pourtray
The ghastliness and fame of war's wild woful sway.

Yet, there is glory in the battle field,
Magnificent and true, when forward spring
A people proud their dearest rights to shield,
And, nobly, to the sacred conflict, bring
Death-daring hearts and courage conquering.
What blood has been, aye! and must yet be shed,
In cause to Monarch-pride so humbling;
That holy cause of human weal that's wed
Unto the soul supreme, and never can be dead.

Still strongly swells the death-defying shout
Of injured men, who have endured too long;—
The same that must again be soon let out,
For TRUTH and JUSTICE cannot yield to WRONG!
The hosts of earth will be the embattling throng,
And the wide world the combat field, where two great
Elements must meet in conflict strong,
One for an evil power that dares its fate,
The other FREEDOM, MAN and TRUTH to reinstate.

Listen how feebly falls upon the ear,
The conflict cry, replying to the free!
Ah! they who boasting, went to make MEN fear,
And tame the rebel heart so valiantly,
Proud in their strength and gilded slavery,
Returned less gallantly; no laurel wreath
Was wove for them—no shout in majesty
Went up to welcome those with boasting breath,
Who honorless escaped the harvest home of Death.

DEATH'S HARVEST HOME! it shall be always so
To those who dare Man's righteous cause oppose;
Who crush his spirit to the earth with wo
AND VASSALAGE, until his honest heart grows
Callous, his NOBLE NATURE no more glows,
Beware ye petty tyrants of an hour!
There shall run floods for every drop that flows
Of Virtue's blood, the PEOPLE'S FIERY DOWER
Still smoulders in their breasts, with RETRIBUTION'S power.

Concord! fair birth-spot of our father's fame!
Memory shall linger, like thy own strong stream,
Around thee, owning with one a fond love-claim,
Who makes thee now his humble song's sweet theme,
Thou! who hast been to him a darling dream,
Who only knows thee in thy story stern
And high, that brightens like a glory-gleam,
Illumes the mind and makes the spirit burn,
Thou page of Nature's book! were Tyrants read and learn.



TO THE WASHINGTON BLUES OF PHILAD.

This plate is most respectfully dedicated

by Waddy C. Davis

WASHINGTON BLUES.

This corps was organized in 1817, under the command of the present Major General Patterson, who had previously held the rank of Captain of Infantry, in the Army of the United States. It is now believed to be the oldest company of infantry in the Division, if not in the State. On the 12th of September, 1826, the company visited Baltimore, to join in the celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of North Point, where they were received and entertained by Maj. Gen. McDonald, and the volunteers of his Division, in a manner worthy of the successors of the "Maryland Line." The remembrance of the soldierly courtesy, and generous hospitality extended to them during their sojourn in the Monumental City will long be cherished by the Blues among the happiest recollections of "Auld lang syne." This company has, on various occasions, responded to the call of the civil authorities, and it formed a part of the First Division, P. M., when that corps marched to Harrisburg in December, 1838, under the requisition of the Governor of the Commonwealth.

The present uniform is a dark blue cloth coat, double breasted, two rows of nine buttons each, the distance between the rows, four inches at the top, and two at the bottom; standing collar with two loops, four and a half inches long, on each side, with one small uniform button at the end of each loop, the lower edge of the collar edged with light blue cloth, plain round cuffs, three inches deep, a slash flap on the sleeve, four and a half inches long, with three loops and three small buttons, at equal distances; slashed flap on the skirt, with four loops, and four large buttons, the flaps to be edged with light blue cloth on the ends and indented edge; two large buttons at the waist, the skirt to be edged with light blue cloth, with silver embroidered star at the bottom, between the points, and to extend within seven inches of the bend of the knee. The loops on the collar and flaps to be of silver lace, the outer edge irregular, half an inch wide, and the entire loop not to exceed one and a quarter inch in breadth; two white worsted epaulettes, with pad and half fringe: Sergeants—worsted epaulettes, to correspond with those of the captain. Corporals—ditto, with those of the subalterns. Pantaloon of dark blue cloth, strapped over boots, with light blue stripe, one and a half inch wide, on the outer seam. Cap—seven and a half inches high, straight pattern, dark blue cloth, felt body, large silver eagle in front, plated poke and band with curb chains, lined with black morocco, and silver emblazoned tulip and tube for the plume. Plume—nine inches high, of black feathers tipped with light blue, drooping from an upright stem.

The officers of the corps are at present :

CAPTAIN—WILLIAM C. PATTERSON.

First Sergeant—SAMUEL A. HAGNER,

Second " JOHN H. SHUTT,

Third " SMITH HAND,

Fourth " EDWARD T. IRELAND.

Quarter Master Sergeant—JOHN DAVIS.

Treasurer—JAMES DEALY.

FIRST LIEUTENANT—WM. W. WEEKS.

First Corporal—GEORGE L. WEATHERLY.

Second " HUGH WOOD,

Third " JOSEPH RUSSELL,

Fourth " HUGH KNOX MARTIN.

Secretary—GEO. L. WEATHERLY.

Washington Valley, New Jersey.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

Thy valley, ENDLESS, Spring's beloved retreat,
In smiling verdure, blooms luxuriant green;
'Tis here remote, where frowning mountains meet,
Secluded love, and fairy bliss is seen.

Here would the wanderer, contemplation's child,
Freed from the din of noisy cities stray,
Muse by the grove, or in yon straggling wild,
Forget the thorns of life's ungentle way.

Here would the lover, Nature, of thy charms,
Delighted rove the flowery brakes among;
Or silent seek the solitude that calms,
Near yonder stream that murmuring winds along.

When Autumn smil'd, and pleasure's pulse beat high,
Oft have I sought the sweet sequestered spot;
From burning noon till twilight dimmed the sky,
Would heedless rove and care remember not.

What proud emotion would this bosom swell,
As deeds of old to fancy stood arrayed;
When battled legions thronged this peaceful dell,
When Vernon's Chieftain sought this hallowed shade!

Oft on this spot, desponding hope to cheer,
Sweet scenes of bliss arose, dear land for thee;
Prophetic vision urged its swift career,
The Patriot gazed, and saw his country free!

Thy sons, Columbia! oft shall cherish here,
The meed of love that wreaths their favourite's name;
As still they breathe the sound to Freemen dear,
The sainted Washington, blest heir of fame.

Sweet vale! may flowerets ever green and fair,
Adorn thy walks and grace thy rural seats;
Still may thy verdure, spring's luxuriance share,
And summer charms bedeck thy fair retreat.

The Sortie of Fort Erie.

Among the heroic and daring achievements, which have contributed to exalt the American name, and cast unfading glory on its arms, the Sortie of Fort Erie stands conspicuous. It was planned by the late General Brown, and has been considered, aside from its splendid results, a military chef d'œuvre.

On the 14th of August, 1814, the British troops, under General Drummond, attempted to carry Fort Erie by storm; but being repulsed by the Americans, with severe loss, they abandoned this mode of warfare, and commenced a siege, with the hopes of carrying the place by regular advances. Meantime the Americans laboured assiduously in repairing the damages their fortifications had received from the attack, and in making preparations to resist the besiegers: frequent skirmishes occurred, and a cannonade on both sides was kept up, but nothing of importance took place until the seventeenth of September. General Brown, at that time, perceiving that the British had completed a battery, which could open a most destructive fire upon the Fort, planned this desperate sortie, as the most effectual method of annoying the enemy, and affording relief to his own troops.

The British force consisted of three Brigades, of one thousand five hundred men each, one of which was stationed at the works in front of the Fort, and the others occupied a camp two miles in the rear. At two o'clock, the American troops were drawn up in readiness to make the sortie. The orders were, 'to storm the batteries, destroy the cannon, and roughly handle the brigade on duty, before those in reserve could be brought up.' This business, each soldier felt well assured, would be no pastime of the moment—no bloodless skirmish; but a deed that would require the nerve of manhood, and the fearless daring of the hero. Accordingly each man was prepared for the utmost: all useless and unnecessary incumbrances were left within the fort, and equipped only with the trusty firelock, the glistening bayonet, and the well scored catridge-box, we stood prepared for an enterprise that would befit the body-guard of a Napoleon, and one in which even they might pluck an additional laurel.

The twenty-first regiment, to which the writer of this brief sketch was attached, was commanded by Colonel Upham. This corps was composed mostly of the hardy yeomanry of the 'Granite State,'—'full-blooded Yankees from New Hampshire,'—men who had left their fire-sides and their homes, their wives and their children, and drawn the sword in defence of their bleeding country, not as the mercenary and wholesale butchers of a tyrant, but as freemen, and as men bound to protect the soil, the institutions, and the laws, which had been religiously bequeathed to them by their revolutionary fathers. And nobly and truly did they discharge this duty. They proved not only their descent from heroes, but that they themselves were such: ever ready at the call of danger, and ever foremost in the hour of fight, they acquired a name for gallantry and noble daring that is remembered to this day with gratitude and pride. Nor was the man who led them deficient in any of the qualities of the skilful commander or the gallant soldier—firm as the everlasting rock of his native hills, and true as the steel he wore, he was the fit and worthy colonel of as brave a regiment as ever carried dismay and death into the ranks of a foe. But to return to the fight.

A division composed of riflemen and Indians, and commanded by General Porter, the late Secretary of War, was ordered to open the attack, by proceeding in a circuitous route, through the woods, by a road which had been opened, and engaging the enemy's flank; while the right division, under General Miller, was stationed in a ravine, between the Fort and the enemy's works, with orders not to advance until after the attack of General Porter.

The command of General Porter advanced with so much celerity and caution, that, when they rushed upon the enemy's flank, they gave the first intimation of their approach. A severe conflict for a moment ensued, in which several gallant officers fell at the head of their columns. In thirty minutes, however, possession was taken of two of the batteries in this quarter, and the garrison made prisoners. At this moment the division of General Miller was ordered to advance. In conjunction with a column of General Porter's division, he pierced between the second and third tier of batteries, and after a severe contest carried the first of these. The whole of these batteries being now in possession of our troops, Gen. Miller's division inclined to the more formidable batteries towards the lake shore, and at this moment a part of the reserve, under General Ripley, joined him. Here the resistance on the part of the British was more obstinate, their works being exceedingly intricate, from the successive lines of intrenchment, and the constant use of the bayonet was the only mode of assailing them. In this manner the contest was maintained for several moments with unequal advantage on the part of the Americans. The British, having by this time received considerable reinforcements from the brigade in the rear, poured upon them, from their batteries, a destructive fire, which they were unable to return, on their part, with effect; and thus situated, their condition was becoming every minute more doubtful and precarious.

At this critical juncture, the remaining division of the reserve, composed of our own (the twenty-first) and a part of the seventeenth regiment, under the command of Colonel Upham, was ordered up, to put an end, at once, to the contest, by charging rapidly upon the enemy's works and carrying them at the point of the bayonet. A conflict, dreadful beyond description, now ensued; but the twenty-first under its brave leader, firmly withstood the shock. At one period, however, our centre for a moment faltered; but it was but for a moment. The voice of our Colonel was heard above the din of the battle—'*the twenty-first must do its duty; there are none to support it.*' This was enough—its effect was electrical, and sent a thrill to each soldier's heart. Had a fresh division of troops at that moment arrived, they could not have done more. The deafening shout of "ONWARD!" burst at once spontaneous from every soldier's lips, and the two lines closed with each other, at the very mouth of the British batteries, which they contested with terrific

violence, at the point of the bayonet. Such was the obstinacy of the conflict that many portions of the troops, on both sides were forced back, and the contending parties became mingled with each other. Nothing could exceed the desperation of the contest at those points where the cannon were stationed with which the enemy had calculated to compel the fort to capitulate; and to dislodge and destroy which had been the main object in planning the sortie. There "man to man, and steel to steel," across the carriages and at the mouth of the guns, every inch of ground was disputed, and both American and Briton fell to mingle in one common dust.

"Balls struck, blades cut, as foe met foe,
And feet slipp'd o'er the blood below."

The British, however, at length began to give way, and no exertion of their officers could restrain them. It was in vain they represented to them the disgrace of flying before a 'handful of ragged militia,' as they were pleased to term the Americans; it was in vain they called upon them, in the name of their King and country, and by the laurels they had gathered on the battle fields of Europe, to 'throw themselves once more into the breach.' They would not, they could not, withstand the almost solid steel that bore them down, reeking with their own gore, and pressed forward by resolute and determined freemen. They left the batteries in confusion, and our men remained the proud masters of their last entrenchment.

Thus ended the *Sortie of Fort Erie*, and an enterprise more desperate and sanguinary is not to be found in the annals of our country's victories. It was planned with consummate skill and executed with determined and heroic bravery. In a few hours the labour of forty-seven incessant days, which had been expended by the British upon their works, was destroyed; and, in addition to the splendid trophies of this signal exploit, upwards of a thousand of their men were killed, wounded, and made prisoners.

KOSCIUSKO.

The virtuous hero of Poland, Thaddeus Kosciusko, was born in Lithuania, and educated at Warsaw. While very young he was informed that the Americans were preparing to shake off the yoke of Britain. His ardent and generous mind caught, with enthusiasm, the opportunity thus afforded for aspiring genius, and from that moment he became the devoted soldier of liberty.

His rank in the American army afforded him no opportunity greatly to distinguish himself. But he was remarked, throughout his service, for all the qualities which adorn the human character. His heroic valor in the field, could only be equalled by his moderation and affability in the walks of private life. He was idolized by the soldiers for his bravery, and beloved and respected by the officers, for his goodness of heart, and the great qualities of his mind.

Contributing greatly by his exertions, to the establishment of the independence of America, he might have remained and shared the blessings it dispensed, under the protection of a chief who loved and honored him, and in the bosom of a people whose independence he had so bravely fought to achieve:—but Kosciusko had other views; he had drank deep of the principles of the American revolution, and wished to procure the same advantages for his native country—for Poland—which had a claim to all his efforts—to all his services.

That unhappy nation groaned under a complication of evils which has scarcely a parallel in history. The mass of the people were the abject slaves of the nobles; torn into factions, they were alternately the instrument and the victims of their more powerful and ambitious neighbours. By intrigue, corruption and force, some of its fairest provinces had been separated from the republic; and the people, like beasts, transferred to foreign despots, who were again watching a favourable moment for a second dismemberment.—To regenerate a people thus debased; to obtain for a country thus circumstanced, the blessings of liberty and independence, was a work of as much difficulty as danger. But to a mind like Kosciusko's the difficulty and danger of an enterprise served but as stimulants to undertake it.

The annals of these times give us no detailed account of the progress of Kosciusko, in accomplishing his great work, from the period of his return from America, to the adoption of the new constitution of Poland, in 1791. This interval, however, of apparent inaction, was most usefully employed to illumine the mental darkness which enveloped his countrymen. To stimulate the ignorant and bigotted peasantry with the hope of a future emancipation—to teach a proud but gallant nobility, that true glory is only to be found in the paths of duty and patriotism; interests the most opposed prejudice the most stubborn, and habits the most inveterate, were reconciled, dissipated and broken, by the ascendancy of his virtues and example. The storm which he had foreseen, and for which he had been preparing, at length burst upon Poland. A feeble and unpopular government bent before its fury, and submitted itself to the yoke of the Russian invader. But the nation disdained to follow its example; in their extremity, every eye was turned on the hero who had already fought their battles; the sage who had already enlightened them: and the patriot who had set the example of personal sacrifices, to accomplish the emancipation of the people.

Kosciusko made his first campaign as brigadier-general, under the orders of John Poniatowski. In the second in 1794, he was appointed generalissimo of Poland; with unlimited powers, until the enemy should be driven from the country.

Without funds, without magazines, without fortresses, Kosciusko maintained his army for nine months against forces

infinitely superior. Poland then only existed in his camp. Devotedness made up for want of resources, and courage supplied the deficiency of arms; for the general had imparted his noble character to all his soldiers. Like him, they knew no danger, they dreaded no fatigue, when the honour and liberty of Poland were depending; like him, they endeavored to lessen the sacrifices which were required of the inhabitants for national independence; and their obedience to their venerated chief was the more praiseworthy as it was voluntary. He held his authority by no other tenure than that of his virtues. Guided by his talents, and led by his valour, his undisciplined and ill armed militia charged with effect, the veteran Russians and Prussians; the mailed cuirassiers of the great Frederick, for the last time, broken and fled before the cavalry of Poland. Hope filled the breasts of the patriots. After a long night, the dawn of an apparently glorious day broke upon Poland. But to the discerning eye of Kosciusko, the light which it shed was of that sickly and portentous appearance, which indicated a storm more dreadful than that which he had resisted.

He prepared to meet it with firmness, but with means entirely inadequate. In addition to the advantages of numbers, of tactics, of discipline, and inexhaustible resources, the combined despots had secured a faction in the heart of Poland.—The unequal struggle could not be long maintained, and the day at length came, which was to decide the fate of Poland and its hero. Heaven, for wise purposes, determined that it should be the last of Polish Liberty. It was decided, indeed, before the battle commenced. The traitor Poniski, who covered with a detachment the advance of the Polish army, abandoned his position to the enemy, and retreated.

Kosciusko was astonished, but not dismayed. The disposition of his army would have done honour to Hannibal.—The succeeding conflict was terrible.—When the talents of the general could no longer direct the mangled mass of combatants, the arm of the warrior was brought to the aid of his soldiers. He performed prodigies of valor.

The fabled prowess of Ajax, in defending the Grecian ships, was realized by the Polish hero. Nor was he badly seconded by his troops. As long as his voice could guide, or his example fire their valour, they were irresistible. In this unequal contest Kosciusko was long seen, and finally lost to their view. He fell, covered with wounds; and a Cossack was on the point of piercing one of the best hearts that ever warmed a virtuous bosom, when an officer interposed.—“Suffer him to execute his purpose,” said the bleeding hero; “I am the devoted soldier of my country, and will not survive its liberties.” The name of Kosciusko struck to the heart of the Tartar like that of Marius upon the Cimbrian warrior. The uplifted weapon dropped from his hand.

Kosciusko was conveyed to the dungeons of Petersburg; and to the eternal disgrace of the empress Catherine, she made him the object of her vengeance, when he could no longer be the object of her fears. But the emperor Paul, on his accession to the throne, thought he could not grant the Polish nation a more acceptable favour than to restore liberty to the hero whom they regretted. He himself announced to General Kosciusko, that his captivity was at an end. He wished him to accept, moreover, a present of fifty thousand ducats of Holland; but the general refused it. Kosciusko preferred rather to depend for subsistence on the recompense to which his services in America had entitled him.

With his humble fortune, obtained in so honourable a way, he lived for a while in the United States; then in France, near Fontainebleau, in the family of Zeller; and lastly, in Switzerland. From that time he refused to take any part in the affairs of his country, for fear of endangering the national tranquillity; the offers that were made to him being accompanied with no sufficient guarantee.

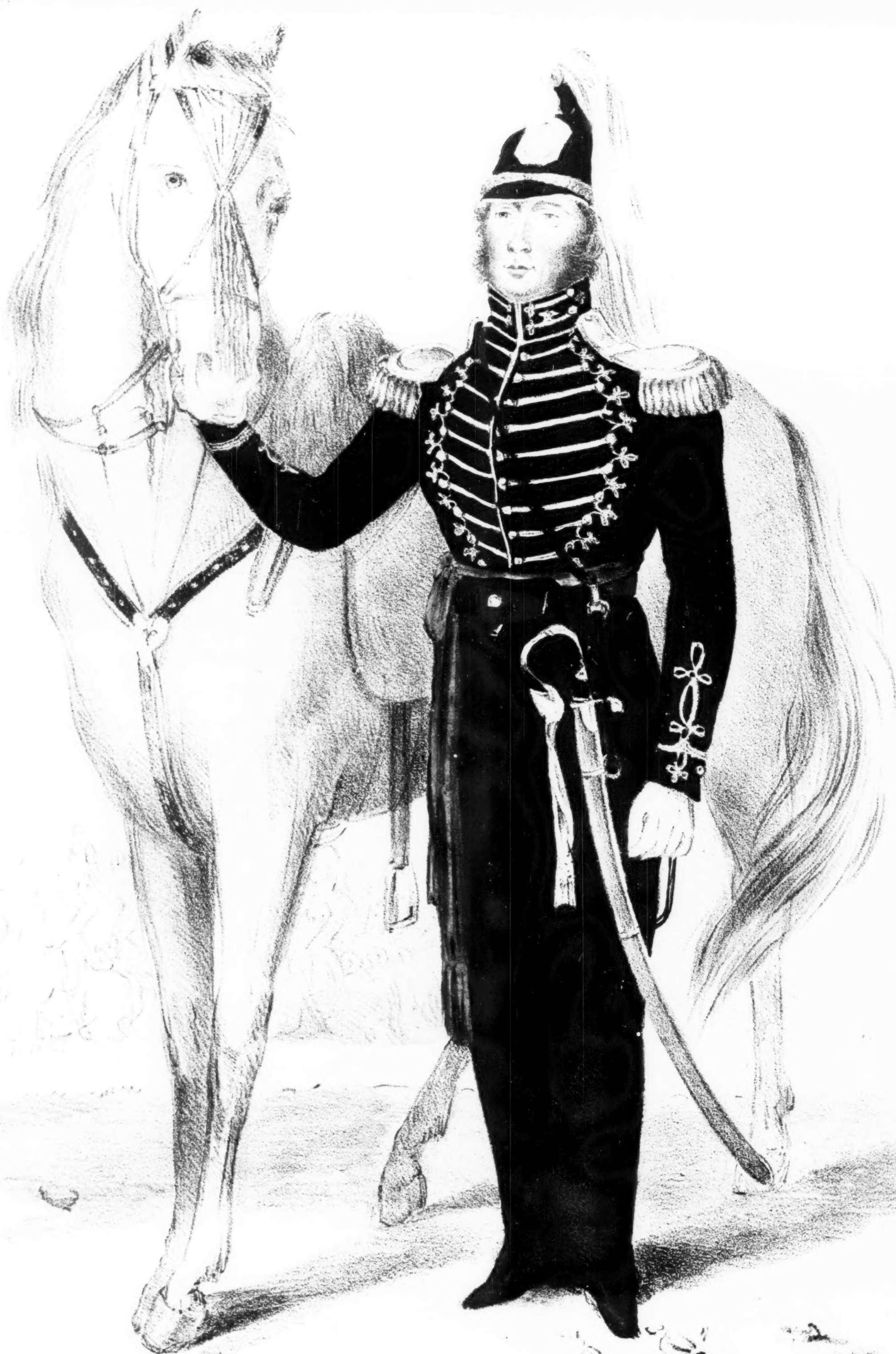
Buonaparte often endeavoured to draw Kosciusko from his retirement, and once issued an address to the Poles in his name; but though the virtuous general still loved his country, he well knew that its emancipation could not be achieved under such auspices.

Though an exile from his country, the Poles still considered themselves as his children; and presented with just pride, to other nations, that model of the virtues of their country, that man so pure and upright—so great at the head of an army, so modest in private life, so formidable to his enemies in battle, so humane and kind to the vanquished, and so zealous for the glory and independence of his country.

In the invasion of France, in 1814, some Polish Regiments, in the service of Russia, passed through the village where this exiled patriot then lived. Some pillaging of the inhabitants brought Kosciusko from his cottage. “When I was a Polish soldier,” said he, addressing the plunderers, “the property of the peaceful citizen was respected.”—“And who art thou,” said an officer, “who addresses us with a tone of authority?” “I am Kosciusko.”—There was magic in the word.—It ran from corps to corps. The march was suspended. They gathered around him, and gazed with astonishment awe upon the mighty ruin he presented. “Could it indeed be their hero,” whose fame was identified with that of their country? A thousand interesting reflections burst upon their minds; they remembered his patriotism, his devotion to liberty, his triumphs, and his glorious fall. Their iron hearts were softened, and the tear of sensibility trickled down their weather-beaten faces. We can easily conceive what would be the feelings of the hero himself in such a scene. His great heart must have heaved with emotion, to find himself once more surrounded by the companions of his glory.

The delusion could have lasted but for a moment. He was himself, alas, a miserable cripple; and, for them—they were no longer the soldiers of liberty, but the instruments of ambition and tyranny. Overwhelmed with grief at the reflection, he would retire to his cottage to mourn afresh over the misery of his country.

Kosciusko died at Soleure, on the 15th of October, 1817. A fall from his horse, by which he was dragged over a precipice not far from Vevay, was the cause of his death. A funeral service was celebrated in honor of him, in the church of St. Roche, at Paris, which was honored with the most distinguished personages of every nation, then in the French capital. The name of Kosciusko belongs to the civilized world, and his virtues to humanity. Poland laments in him a patriot whose life was consecrated to the cause of liberty and independence. America includes him among her illustrious defenders. France and Switzerland admired him as a man of beneficence and virtue; and Russia, by whom his country was conquered, never beheld a man more unshaken in his principles, or firmer in adversity.



TO THE WASHINGTON CAVALRY OF PENN. CO.

This plate is most respectfully dedicated

by Huddy & Co.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, June 1879, at New York, N.Y., under No. 100,000, Post Office at New York, N.Y., under No. 100,000, Post Office at New York, N.Y.

WASHINGTON CAVALRY.

This spirited Troop was formed in the county Philadelphia, in 1814, by Captain George Breck, and was known for a long time as the 2d. County Troop.

On the 21st of October 1826, the Corps met at Mrs. Rice's in Frankford, and it was unanimously resolved that this Troop be named the "Washington Cavalry."

On the reception of La Fayette to this city, the Troop paraded rising 100 horsemen, and presented an imposing appearance on that memorable day. The following valuable Notice is from their By-Laws.

NOTICE.

No man should request admission into any association whatever, unless he has made himself acquainted with, and is both able and willing strictly to conform to its rules and regulations, intended to impose but special authority over the members, as such, necessary to secure order, respectability and welfare.

The State law, authorising the forming and arming of Troops of Volunteers, aimed, it is natural to suppose, at giving encouragement to a body of men, who, in time of need, might be competent to perform the service of regulars. The man, therefore, whose sole motive in joining such a Troop as mere pleasure, defeats the intention of the Law, and is unworthy of the fellowship of members whose main impulse is *honour and duty*.

No military body can effectually exist without discipline; and in no arm is it more requisite than in Cavalry, where the rider has to watch both himself and his horse.

Discipline consists, above all things, in a due respect and subordination to superiors; in, and at the very instant, obeying the word of command, to the best of one's ability; in keeping silence in ranks; in watching distance, file and rank; in ever coming well uniformed and equipped, and at the appointed hour of meeting.

Instructions for Cavalry.

MOUNTING.

Stand to Horse.—The position of the man is on the left side of the horse, square to the front; toes on a line with the horse's fore feet; right hand, back upwards, holding the rein of the snaffle over the curb, six inches from the ring of the bit; left hand hanging down by the thigh.

Prepare to Mount.—Face to the right, place the left hand where the right was, and run the right up to the middle of the reins or *knob*, which is held between the finger and thumb; step to the right opposite the horse's shoulder, and taking both sides of the curb-rein with the left hand, just under the right, put the little finger between them, the back of the hand towards the horse's head; run down the left hand to the neck of the horse, and still holding the bridle, seize with the fore-fingers of the left hand, a lock of the mane, about a foot from the saddle; seize the stirrup-leather with the right hand near the stirrup; step back with the right foot, and place the ball of the left in the stirrup, the left knee close to the horse's shoulder, and the right hand on the cantle of the saddle.

Mount.—By a spring from the right foot, rise in the stirrup, bring both heels together, knees against the saddle and body upright; place the right hand on the pommel and support the body, while the right leg passes clear over the horse, the right knee closes on the saddle, and the body comes gently into it; the left hand quits the mane, and the right the pommel; the snaffle-rein is laid with the right hand, back upwards, into the left, the middle finger dividing them, the superfluous part of the reins hanging down on the offside; both reins are pressed between the thumb and first joint of the fore finger the bridle hand raised so as just to feel the horse's mouth; the right foot takes the stirrup without the aid of hand or eye.

POSITION ON HORSEBACK.

The body balanced in the middle of the saddle; head upright and square to the front; shoulders well thrown back; chest advanced; upper part of the arms hanging down straight from the shoulder; left elbow bent, and slightly closed to the hips; little finger on a level with the elbow; wrist rounded, throwing the knuckles to the front: thigh stretched down from the hip; the flat of the thigh well turned inward to the saddle; knees a little bent; legs hanging straight down from the knee and near the horse's sides; heels stretched down, the toes raised from the insteps, and as near the horse's sides as the heels.

Preparing to Dismount.—The right hand takes the rein above the left; the right foot quits the stirrup; the left hand slides forward on the rein and seizes a lock of the mane about twelve inches from the saddle, feeling the horse's mouth very gently; the right hand drops the reins to the off-side, and is placed on the holster.

Dismount.—Supporting the body with the right hand and left foot, the right leg is brought clear over to the near side; heels close; the right hand on the cantle preserves the balance of the body; the right foot is brought to the ground, and then the left; seize the reins with the right hand under the left, and advance, left foot first, to the position to **STAND TO HORSE.**

ORIGINAL OFFICERS.

GEORGE BRECK, CAPTAIN,
JOHN KEEN, First Lieutenant,

JESSE WORTERMAN, Second Lieutenant,
THOMAS F. GORDON, Cornet.

PRESENT OFFICERS.

GEORGE SNYDER, CAPTAIN.
JOHN SEVERNS, First Lieutenant,

AMOS SNYDER, Second Lieutenant.
JAMES ROOK, Cornet.

Female Courage and Fortitude.

Among those who came after the pilgrims to settle in the province of Massachusetts bay, were several women of high rank and superior refinement. Lady Arabella Johnson, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, and the wives of the gentlemen who formed the board of magistrates, were highbred dames; as well as the wives of the clergy and many of the wives of their associates. Some of their chirography has reached us. It resembles the easy, flowing, fashionable hand of the present day, while the writing of the men of that day is difficult to be read. We have all seen the needle of that age in embroidered armorials, and genealogical trees; and these ancient records bear ample testimony to the industry, talent and skill of the fair who wrought them. They shared the hardships of the times. Many a lovely daughter, in that day, who had been brought up in affluence, and with tenderness, on her marriage, moved from her home and parents to some new settlement, where her bridal serenade was the howling of the beasts of prey, as they nightly roamed the desert.

If our mothers had a share, and a great share they had, in the trials of those days, why should they not be remembered in the history of this new-born empire? I contend, and who will deny it, that it required more courage and fortitude to stay on the skirts of the forest, unprotected by moat, ditch, or stockade, in the half-built cabin, with decrepitude and infancy, and listening to every step, anxious for the coming in of those who had gone forth in search of the foe, than it did to fight the foe when he was met. This was more than Spartan fortitude; for the enemy seldom saw the dwelling where the heroic mother of Sparta waited to hear the fate of her husband or children; but ours were in constant danger of an attack from the savages.

Many instances of female heroism, which occurred during the early settlement of the country, are recorded, and should be carefully preserved. Among the most conspicuous was that of Mrs. Hannah Duston, of Haverhill, a pleasant village situated on the left bank of the Merrimack. On the 15th March, 1698, Mrs. Duston was made prisoner by a party of Indians. She was on this day confined to her bed by sickness, attended by her nurse, Mary Niff. Seven children, besides a female infant, six days old, were with her. As soon as the alarm was given, her husband sent away the children towards the garrison house, by which time the Indians were so near, that despairing of saving the others of his family, he hastened after his children on horseback. This course was advised by his wife. She thought it was idle for her to attempt to escape. A party of Indians followed him, but the father kept in the rear of his children, and often firing on his pursuers, he kept them back, and was enabled to reach the garrison with his children in safety. The Indians took Mrs. Duston from her bed and carried her off, with the nurse and infant; but finding the little one becoming troublesome, they took her from her mother's arms by force, and dashing her against the tree, ended her moans and life together. The mother had followed the Indians until this moment with faltering steps and bitter tears, thinking on the fate of herself and babe, and other children. After this horrid outrage, she wept no more; the agony of nature drank the tear drop ere it fell. She looked to heaven with a silent prayer for succour, and followed the infernal group without a word of complaint. At this instant, the high resolve was formed in her mind, and swelled every pulse of her heart.— They travelled on some distance; as she thought one hundred and fifty miles; but perhaps, from the course they took, about seventy-five. The river had probably been broken up but a short time, and the canoes of the Indians were above the upper falls, on the Merrimack, when they commenced their journey to attack Haverhill. Above these falls, on an island in the river, the Indians had a wigwam; and in getting their canoes in order, and by rowing ten miles up the stream, became much fatigued. When they reached the place of rest they slept soundly. Mrs. Duston did not sleep. The nurse and an English boy, a prisoner, were apprised of her design, but were not of much to her use in the execution of it. In the stillness of the night she arose and went out of the wigwam to test the soundness and security of savage sleep.— They did not move—they were to sleep until the last day. She returned, took one of their hatchets and despatched ten of them in a moment, each with a single blow. An Indian woman who was rising when she struck her, fled with her probably death wound; and an Indian boy was designedly spared, for the avenger of blood was a woman, and a mother, and could not deal a death blow upon a helpless child. She surveyed the carnage by the light of the fire which she stirred up after the deed was done, and catching a few handfuls of roasted corn, she commenced her journey—but on reflecting a moment, she thought the people of Haverhill would consider her tale as the ravings of madness when she would get home, if ever that time might come; she therefore returned and scalped the slain; then put her nurse and English boy in the canoe, and with herself they floated down to the falls, when she landed and took to the woods, keeping the river in sight, which she knew must direct her on her way home.

After suffering incredible hardships by hunger, cold, and fatigue, she reached home, to the surprise and joy of her husband, children and friends. The general court of Massachusetts examined her history and being satisfied of the truth of it, took her trophies, the scalps, and gave her fifty pounds. The people of Boston made her many presents. All classes were anxious to see the heroine; and as one of the writers says, who saw her, "she was a downright modest woman." Has Anacharsis or Mitford, in their histories of Greece, any thing to surpass this well authenticated story? Her descendants in a right line, and by the same name, are now living where she was captured.

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Moderato.



First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melody with triplet markings (3) and a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

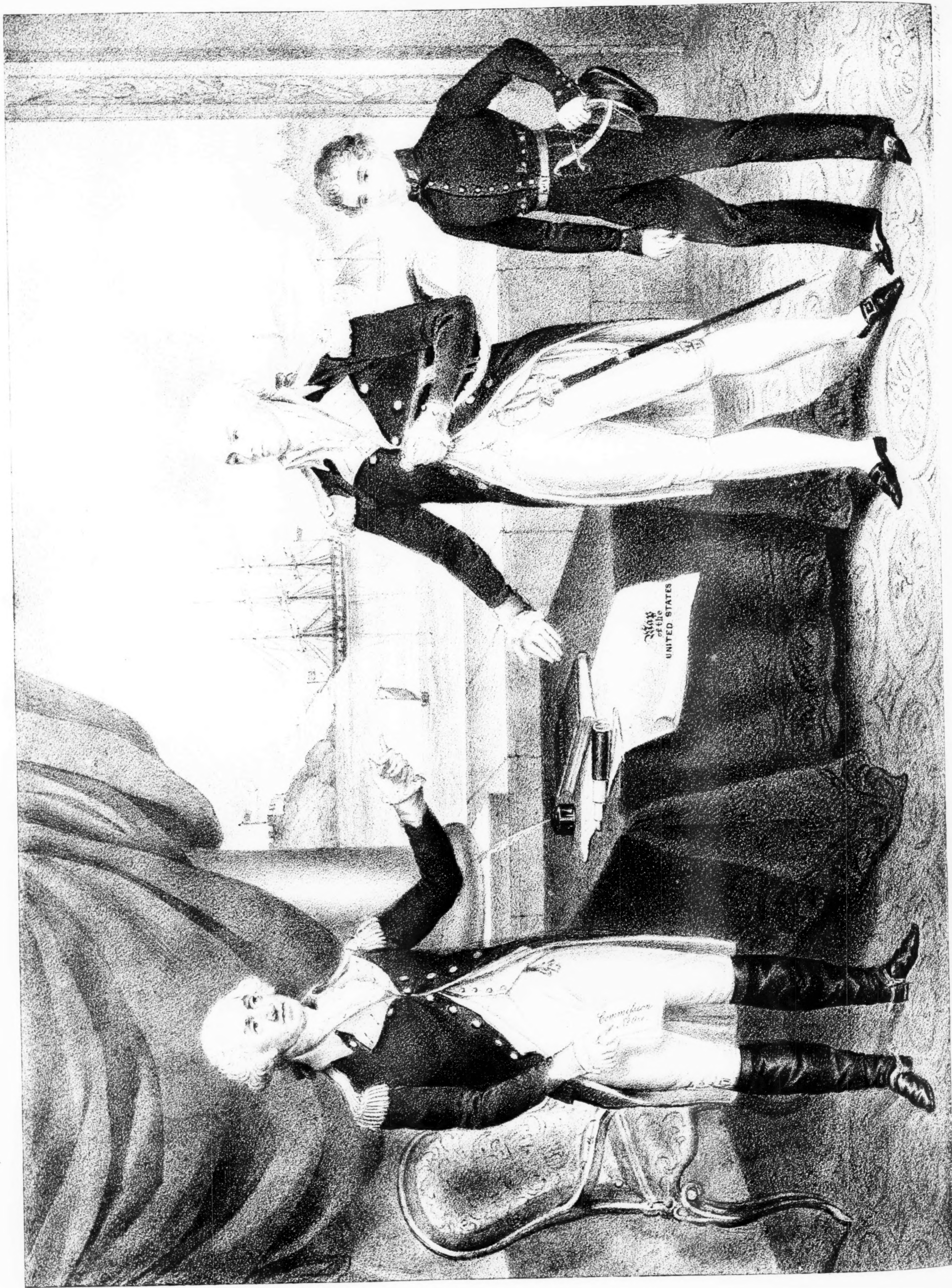
Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with triplet markings. The bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics include *cres* (crescendo) and *ff* (fortissimo).

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *ff* (fortissimo).

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *cres* (crescendo).

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with first and second endings (1^a and 2^a) marked with repeat signs. The **Trio.** section begins with a piano (*p*) and dolce marking. The bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with triplet markings. The bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment. The system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.



General Washington presenting Capt. Barry with his Commission. 1797.